1 Henry IV 1604

C1 recto

from the Capell copy

TCC

O, the diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor: Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will ſtay your leiſure.
Hot: I haue done yfaith.
Wor: Then once more to your Scottiſh pr
Deliuer them vp, without their ranſome ſtrai
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely mea
For powers in *Scotland*, which for divers reaſo
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſurde
Will eaſily be granted you, my lord.
Your ſonne in *Scotland* being thus employed,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate welbelu'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot-ſpurre Of *Yorke*, is it not?
Wor: True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the lord *Scroope*
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hotſpurre I ſmell it. Vpon my life it will d
Wor: Before the game is afoot, thou ſtill le
Hotſpurre Why it cannot chooſe but be a
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hotſpurre In faith it is exceedingly well ai
Wor: And tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The king will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfide,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.